

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, November 20. 1707.

TO talk of Peace, persuade to Union, and examine the Folly and Madness of National Divisions, is a Subject I have so often handled, and said so much to, that really it seems Time to leave it off, and I shall leave it off; if the Blessings, encreasing upon us in this Nation by the happy Suppression of High Flying Measures, are not sufficient to encourage, and the Mischiefs and Dangers we escaped sufficient to warn, what can the Power of Words pretend to?

But pray, Gentlemen *Whigs*, let me talk to you by your selves, apart from the rest of the World, and let us examine Cases a little, I shall meddle with no Names, nor with the Grounds or Matter of Differences among you; nay, I shall not say 'tis true, and in the Sense our Adversaries make it, I hope, it is not that you are falling out among your selves, pushing, piquing, and undermining one another.

But in general let us examine, what can the Madness of falling out among our selves be? Indeed such as I cannot but hope, it will in part scare you on all sides from the Attempt? How long is it, Gentlemen, since you recover'd your Liberty from the Tyranny of *Tories* and *High Flyers*? How far off are the dangerous Rocks of *Occasional Bill*, *High Church Memorials*, *Tackers*, &c. that ye have lost sight of them? How long is it since the neglecting the Steerage of the Vessel, you had almost split and stranded the State upon the Sands and Shelves of a Party Strife, that as soon as ever you are got clear, you should fall into the same Error?

How long, Gentlemen, is it, since her Majesty press'd us all to Peace, and we *Whigs* pretended to value our selves upon our Obedience to the Heavenly Summons? How long is it, since the Experience of our former Dangers made us joyn Church and Dissenter in the great and most necessary Article of Self-Defence, for

the Preservation of Peace, Union, Property, Truth and Liberty? How long is it, since the late Parliamentary Struggles, when the Ruin of all our Happiness was in View by the formidable Strength of that Party, which endeavours to turn all our Revolution Joys into Heaviness, and the Musick of the present Establishment into Mourning?

Again, Gentlemen, will you reflect upon the Difficulty of mastering Faction and Party, the Hazard of Coventry Tumults, and Oxford Tacklers? Was not this Devil exorcised with infinite Ravings and Routings? What Convulsions did the State suffer? How was the Nation rent and torn? Into what a high Fever were we thrown at the last Election, and what light headed Doings had we all over the Nation? — What just Concern was then upon all honest People to see the Mischief which attended even the least Miscalculation, and how High Flying Projects had brought us to the last Gasps?

And shall we now fall out among our selves? Shall we run mad without a Frenzy, go to War without Enemies, and like a vicious Cow, throw down the Milk with the Heel which was given with the Heart? What if ye are not all infallible, and some may have misbehav'd? Is there an Accommodation to be made, but to fly in the Face of the Nations Happiness, and your own Enjoyments?

While one says I have behav'd better than you, this says I ought to command, and that t'other; this says, I have done my Duty better than he, and he says, you neither have done, or understand how to do it: A for Fear of being accused by B, falls upon C, and C to defend himself reflects upon D. Again, D says, A, B, C, are all Rogues, and E and F are as guilty as they, and so on to the End of the Alphabet — And while it is thus, are ye nor blind, Gentlemen, to the Nation's Peace? Are ye not making Sport to the Tacklers, and beating a Call to the Jacobites and High Flyers to come in upon you again like a Flood? Are you not opening a Door to the whole Cabal, and letting them overflow your Peace?

Was to the whole Interest of Liberty, and the Peace of this Nation, if you Gentlemen, by whose Strength and Diligence the present Established State of both is arriv'd to this Pitch, should quarrel and pique at one another, fall out, accuse and complain of, and thereby expose one another; and let the whole Interest, in which you are all embarked, sink under the general Neglect.

Where are your Enemies, and what is become of the Jacobites and High Flyers? Are they gone? Are they fled out of the Nation? Are they irrecoverably lost? Do they never hope for a new Revolution? Do they expect no favourable Junctures? And where can

they find them but in your Divisions? Where can Torism and High Flying Principles get a Birth but in the too fruitful Womb of our unhappy Breaches? Whigs fall out among themselves! This is the very thing they promised themselves, all the Wizards and false Prophets of the Laity have foretold this, and the languid Expectations of their dying Cause has been fed with this Air, and Camelion like, has liv'd upon it; for some time past their departed Friends have dy'd in the Faith of it, and their living emissaries are diligent among us, shall I say, and wish too much Success, to bring it to pass.

Look round you, Gentlemen, and you will see, that in Hopes of firing of this Mine, their whole Party lies ready in Ambuscade, as soon as this Train takes Fire, and the Walls and Bulwarks of our Happiness, I mean our present Peace among our selves, are blown up, they immediately take the Signal, and enter upon us at once: 'Tis strange, we should be so secure as to venture civil Contentions; and the vigilant enrag'd Party so near, so ready, so exasperated, so watchful, and which is worst of all so strong and daily made stronger by our Weakness and Folly.

I have noted, they are an exasperated Party, and indeed we have too much Reason to know it; and as we have found them so, it behoves us to take the more Care to keep them out now they are out, and to keep them down while they are down.

A Fryar, preaching in Ireland lately, and stating the Case of the Popish Interest there, took his Text in English, *Let not thine Eye spare, neither have Pity.* This is the very High Flying Temper — The bloody Flag has been held out — Anathemas to those that would have Compassion on their Brethren have been published — And 'tis but lately, that the Recorder of High Church Principles told us, there can be no Peace in England, with us a Union of Principles.

What is this but blowing the Trumpet of Persecution, and crying Fire and Faggot, in order to force a Union of Principles.

You know them Gentlemen you need not that I should tell you any thing of them, they are a black and a bloody Generation; for GOD's Sake open not a Door to such a Contagion again, and let no more Confusions spread this peaceable Nation.

I think, I may abate any Attempt to show, that dividing the Whig Party in England is to break them, and to blow up the present Frame; that if this be but shaken, they storm us immediately, and we shall be overrun with the barbarous Troops of High Flying Freebooters, who always made Haycock of our Laws, Liberties, Consciences and Estates.

'Tis too plain to need any Explanation; Behold, they stand at the Door waiting this unhappy Hour; Unite, and you may con-

temn their Craft, despise their Power, and laugh at all their Expectations.

MISCELLANEA.

I Am fully persuaded, the Person, who sent me the following Letter, will be disappointed in his Expectation, and not meet with an Answer to his Mind; but he must not blame me, I speak my naked Thoughts, and pursue in this not an affected superficial Shew of Charity; but that Spirit I have, I hope, long since acted with, and the Manner with which I desire to treat all my most implacable Enemies—For I have long since learnt a Lesson, which I have abundant Peace in, *Viz.* To pray for them, that despitely use me.

MR. REVIEW,

WELL, now your constant Plague is removed, the Observer is dead, and I congratulate your Deliverance—For he was ever abusing you—Have you no Leisure to do your self Justice on his Memory, and give us a Tass of your Last, on a Character that gives you so much Room for it; if you want any of his History upon your Notice to . . . it shall be supply'd by

Your Friend and Servant, &c.

Now really, this is either a Man that is laying a Snare for me, or else he is a very indifferent Christian: The Author of the *Observer* is dead; if he was my Friend, this Gentleman cannot expect me to gratify his Desire; if he was my Enemy it would be ungentle to insult his Ashes and trample on him now he is dead, and I assure him, I have it neither in my Education or my Temper.

But what is it you would have me say of Mr. *Turbin*, suppose now, that I was as ill natur'd as you suggest, and that I was inclin'd to gratify your wicked Request?

That he was a Man of Misfortunes, that he had run through infinite Difficulties; this may call him unhappy, but not dishonest, and will not entitle him to the Epithets, the Party bestow on him; A Man may be an honest Man, and not be able to do every honest thing he would do; he may be just in Design, tho' he cannot be so in Practice, and I sincerely believe Mr. *Turbin* owes all that Reproach to his Disasters, not to his Inclination; he may be an honest Man that cannot pay his Debts, but he cannot be honest that can and will not, and this he is not charg'd with.

Nor have I yet met with any sufficient Proof to leave any just Reproach upon his Morals; Attempts enough have been made on him that way, and who that frankly tells the World their Errors, but shall have them studying all possible Recriminations—And shall find the World not only writing all his Faults on his Fore-head, but more than all, for Forgery and Scandal follows Envy and Revenge always at the Heels.

I believe, none of his Enemies will say he was a Fool, and I shall take none of my Time up to suggest a Defence of his Wit; let his Answers to his High Church Enemies and their baffled Arguments speak for him, in which especially when he argued calmly, he was generally too hard for them.

Well, Gentlemen, Mr. *Turbin* not being Fool, Knave, or vicious Person, what is next upon him—If you will say he was an Enemy to Persecution, to Slavery, to Jacobites, and High Flyers; I believe, if he could convey his Mind to us, at the Distance he now is, he would desire to have it wrote up on his Tomb—He was indeed an Enemy to all these, and GOD made him a Wall of Brass against them; he was neither to be silenc'd by their Noise, nor terrified by their Figure, he stood out that Battle to the last Gasp—I have not Knowledge of his various Circumstances to let the World into his History; nor to know exactly his Character. But in short,

He had a competent Stock of Learning and had read particularly in our Constitution and Establishments sufficient to qualify him for the Cause he embark'd in; with this he had a Zeal against Tyranny uncommon, and perhaps rather too warm, especially for his own Safety.

This ran him into Arms against King *Jacob*, whose Resentment he escaped by that famous Act of his not often imitated, of petitioning him to turn a barbarous Punishment into that of the Gallows; by the Revolution, he gain'd his Liberty coming over with the Glorious King *William*.

After that he met with Hardships not a few, which perhaps might help to soften his Temper, and turn him against, not the Cause he had espoused, so much as the Persons: If in this he gave himself too great a Loss sometimes against his Friends, it might be the Effect

Effect of the Regret at his distressed Circumstances; but I cannot but believe of him, that he was a constant Friend in his most secret Thoughts, both to the Government, and every Step of the Revolution Establishment.

He was led into his Reflections on Mismanagements, and reproaching Persons too much by the Contrivance of his Enemies, who took Advantage of his Temper—But with abundant Justice he paid them home in their own Coin—Many of his Charges stand eminently mark'd for just by the Government, pursuing the guilty Persons, and their Successors being more wary, and in this he did good Service.

'Tis true, he had his Passions, and Want of Temper was his capital Error—And where is the Man, that under his Pressures may not be embittered, and lose himself sometimes among the Croud of his own provoking Misfortunes—A small Charity will cover that, and he that has none, let him come and prove he is Master of all his own Infirmities, and he shall have a Patient to throw Dirt upon his Memory.

As to his Treatment of me, the thing, which I suppose this Gentleman expects would move me to speak Evil of him, I am persuaded, he was moved to it not by Inclination, so much as by Solicitation, join'd with the repeated Misinformation of a treacherous Friend, and a waspish implacable Enemy, and who is safe or proof against the Insinuations of such?—I forgive it heartily even to his Memory—And shall sum up his Character in this, that had his Circumstances been easie, had he been unpersecuted by insulting Enemies and unmerciful Creditors, that his Temper had not been ruffled and irritated beyond his own Government, he had appear'd in a more agreeable Shape, and abstracted from these, was really a very valuable Person. If his Enemies desire me to enlarge on any of these Heads, tho' I am a great way out of the reach of Particulars, I shall be always ready to answer for him, enough to expose their Malice, if it does not clear his Character.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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